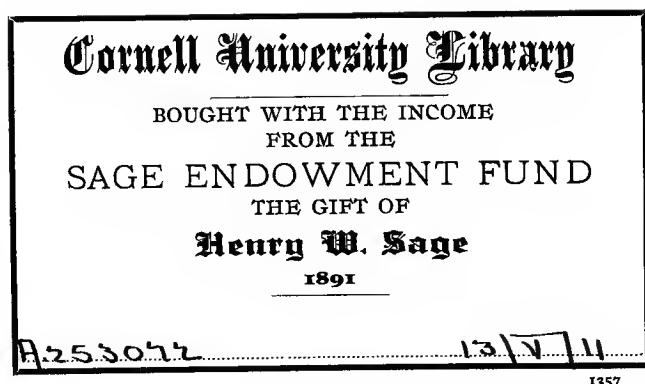


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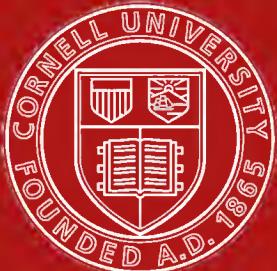


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Thomas lord Cromwell.



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Thomas Lord Cromwell

“Written by W. S.”

Date of Earliest Known Edition 1602

[*B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, i. 20.*]

Next issued in the third folio Shakespeare 1664

Also issued in the folio of 1685

Reproduced in Facsimile 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Thomas Lord Cromwell.

“Written by W. S.”

1602

William Shakespeare—Supposititious Works

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Thomas Lord Cromwell

“Written by W. S.”

1602

“The True Chronicle History . . . of Thomas Lord Cromwell” was entered on the Stationers’ Register on August 11th, 1602, and was published the same year.

Another edition was issued in 1613, and the play appeared in the third Shakespeare Folio of 1664, as also in the Folio of 1685.

The only other known copy of the first edition is in the Bodleian Library.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports the execution, allowing for the insuperable limitations of photography, as again extremely good. The last page of the original, G3, recto, is very much soiled as well as damaged.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
True Chronicle Hi-
storie of the whole life and death
of *Thomas Lord Cromwell.*

As it hath beene sundrie times pub-
likely Acted by t' e Right Hono-
rable the Lord Chamberlaine
h. Servants.

Written by W. S.



Imprinted at London for *William Jones*, and are
to be sold at his house neare Holburne con-
duit, at the signe of the Gunne.

1602.

The life and death of the Lord Cromwell.

Enter three Smithes, Hodge and two other,
old Cromwells men.

Hodge.



One masters, I thinke it be past five a clock,
Is it not time we were at worke :
My old Master heele be stirring anon.

1. I cannot tell whether my old master will
be stirring or no: but I am sure I can hardly take
my afternoones nap, for my young Maister
Thomas,

He keepes such a quile in his studie,
With the Sunne, and the Moone, and the seauen starres,
That I do verily thinke heele read out his wits.

Hodge. He skill of the starres, theres goodman *Car of Fulloun*,
He that carryed vs to the strong Ale, where goodie *Trundell*
Had her maide got with childe : O he knowes the Starres,
Heele tickle you *Charles Waine* in nine degrees,
That same man will tell you goodie *Trundell*,
When her Ale shall miscarie, onely by the starres.

2. I that's a great vertue, indeed I thinke *Thomas*
Be no body in comparison to him.

1. Well maisters come, shall we to our hammers?

Hodge. I content, first lets take our mornings draught,
And then to worke roundly.

2. I agreed, goe in *Hodge*. *Exit omnes.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow morne, I doe salute thy brightnesse,
The night seemes tedious to my troubled soule :
Whose black obscuritie binds in my minde,
A thousand sundry cogitations :
And now *Aurora* with a lively dye,
Addes comfort to my spirit that mountes on high.

1701 or The Life and Death of King

Too high indeede, my state being so meane,
My study like a minerall of golde:
Makes my hart proude wherein my hopes inrowld,
My bookes is all the wealth I do possesse, Here within they
And vnto them I haue ingaged my hart, must beate with
O learning how deuine thou seemes to me: their hammers.
Within whose armes is all felicity,
Peace with your hammers leaue your knocking there,
You doe disturbe my study and my rest,
Leauc off I say, you madde me with the noyse.

Enter Hodge and the two Men.

Hodge. Why how now Maister Thomas how now,
Will you not let vs worke for you.

Crom. You fret my hart, with making of this nois.
Hod. How fret your hart, I but Thomas, youle
Fret your fathers purse if you let vs from working.

Crom. I this tis for him to make him a gentleman,
Shal we leaue worke for your musing, that's well I faith,
But here comes my olde maister now.

Enter old' Cromwell.
Old. Cro. You idle knaues, what are you loytring now,
No hammers walking and my worke to do:
What not a heate among your worke to day.

Hod. Marrie sir your sonne Thomas will not let vs worke at all,
Old. Cro. Why knaue I say, haue I thus carkde & car'd

And all to keepe thee like a gentleman,
And doft thou let my seruants at their worke:
That sweat for thee knaue, labour thus for thee;

Cro. Father their hammers doe offend my studie.

Old. Cro. Out of my doores knaue if thou likest it not,
I crye you mercie is your eares so fine:
I tell thee knaue these get when I doe sleepe,
I will not haue my Anuill stand for thee.

Crom. Theres monie father I will pay your men. *He throwes*

Old. Cro. Haue I thus brought thee vp vnto my cost, *money &*
In hope that one day thou woldt releeue my age, *among the*
And

of the Lord Cromwell.

And art thee now so lauifh of thy colde,
To scatter it among these idle knaues.

Cro. Father be patient, and content your selfe,
The time will come I shall hold golde as trash:
And here I speake with a presaging soule,
To build a pallace whete now this cottage standes,
As fine as is King *Henries* house at Sheene.

Old Cro. You build a house, you knaue youle be a begger,
Now afore God all is but cast away,
That is bestowed vpon this thriflesse lad,
Well had I bound him to some honest trade:
This had not beeene, but it was his mothers doing,
To send him to the Vniuersitie,
How build a house where now this cottage standes,
As faire as that at Sheene, he shall not here me,
A good boy Tom, I con thee thanke Tom,
Well said Tom, gramarcies Tom,
Into your worke knaues, hence you sausie boy.

Exit all but young Cromwell.

Cro. Why should my birth keepe downe my mounting spirit,
Are not all creatures subiect vnto time:
To time, who doth abuse the world,
And filleth it full of hodge-podge bastardie,
Theres legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their originall did spring from Kings:
And manie Monarkes now whose fathers were,
The rife-rasse of their age: for Time and Fortune
Wearies out a noble traine to beggerie,
And from the dunghill minions doe aduance
To state: and marke in this admitting world,
This is but course, which in the name of Fate,
Is seene as often as it whirles about:
The Riuier *Thames* that by our doore doth passe,
His first beginning is but small and shallow:
Yet keeping on his course, growes to a sea.
And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our age,
His birth as meane as mine, a Butchers sonne,

The Life and Death

Now who within this land a greater man.
Then *Cromwell* cheere thee vp, and tell thy soule,
That thou maist live to flourish and controule.

Enter olde Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom *Cromwell*, what Tom I say?

Crom. Do you call sir.

Old Crom. Here is maister *Bowser* come to know, if you haue
dispatched his petition, for the Lords of the counsell or no.

Crom. Father I haue, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. Thats well said Tom, a good lad Tom.

Enter Maister Bowser.

Bow. Now Maister *Cromwell*, haue you dispatched this petition?

Crom. I haue sir, here it is, please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need, weeke read it as we go by wader:

And Maister *Cromwell*, I haue made a motion

May do you good, and if you like of it.

Our Secretarie at ~~Antwerp~~, sir is dead,

And the Marchants there hath sent to me,

For to prouide a man fit for the place:

Now I do know none fitter then your selfe,

If with your liking it stand maister *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my hart sir, and I much am bound,
In loue and dutie for your kindnesse showne.

Old Cro. Body of me Tom make hast, least some body

Get betweene thee and home Tom.

I thanke you good maister *Bowser*, I thanke you for my boy,

I thanke you alwayes, I thanke you most hartely sir,

Hoe a cup of Beere there for maister *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need sir, maister *Cromwell* will you go.

Crom. I will attend you sir.

Old Crom. Farewell Tom, God blesse thee Tom,

God speed thee good Tom. Exit omnes.

Enter Bagot a Broker, solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatall vnto some,

And

of the Lord Cromwell.

And by their losse must *Bagot* seeke to gaine,
This is the lodging of maister *Fryskiball*,
A liberall Marchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand pound,
A Marchant Banckrout, whose Father was my maister,
What do I care, for pitie or regarde,
He once was wealthy, but he now is falne,
And this morning haue I got him arrested,
At the sute of maister *Friskiball*,
And by this meanes shall I be sure of coyne,
For dooing this same good to him vnknowne:
And in good tyme, see where the marchant comes.

Enter Fryskiball.

Bag. God morrow to kind maister *Friskiball*.
Fri. God morrow to your selfe good maister *Bagot*,
And whats the newes you are so early stirring:
It is for gaine, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the loue sir that I beare to you,
When did you see your debtor *Banister*?
Fri. I promise you, I haue not seene the man,
This two moneths day, his pouertie is such,
As I do thinke he shames to see his friends.
Bag. Why then assure your selfe to see him straight,
For at your sute I haue arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.

Fry. Arrest him at my sute, you were to blame,
I know the mans misfortunes to be such,
As hees not able for to pay the debt,
And were it knowne to some he were vndone.

Bag. This is your pittifull hart to thinke it so,
But you are much deceaued in *Banister*,
Why such as he will breake for fashion sake,
And vnto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred, O sir beware of him,
The man is lewdly giuen, to Dyce and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in harlots companies,

The Life and Death

It is no mercy for to pitie him.
I speake the truth of him, for nothing els,
But for the kindnesse that I beare to you,
Fry. If it be so, he hath deceiued me much,
And to deale stictly with such a one as he,
Better seuere then too much lenitie,
But here is Maister Banister himselfe,
And with him as I take the officers.

Enter Banister his wife and two officers.

Ban. O maister Friskiball you haue vndone me,
My state was well nigh ouerthrowne before,
Now altogether downe-cast by your meanes.

Mist. Ba. O maister Friskiball, pity my husbands case,
He is a man hath liued as well as any,
Till eniuious fortune and the rauenous sea,
Did rob, disrobe, and spoile vs of our owne.

Fri. Mistresse Banister, I eniuie not your husband,
Nor willingly would I haue vsed him thus:
But that I here he is so lewdly giuen,
Haunts wicked company, and hath enough,
To pay his debts, yet will not be knowne ther eof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
Whom I haue often from my Trencher fed,
Ingratefull Villaine for to vse me thus:

Bag. What I haue said to him is naught but truth.
Ms. Ban. What thou hast said, springs from an eniuious hart,
A Canniball that doth eate men aliuine,
But here vpon my knee beleue me sir,
And what I speake, so helpe me God is true,
We scarce haue meate to feed our little babes,
Most of our Plate is in that Brokers hand,
Which had we mony to dephray our debt,
O thinke we would not bide that penitie:
Be mercifull, kinde maister Friskiball,
My husband, children, and my selfe will eate,
But one meale a day, the other will we keepe and sell, As

of the Lord Cromwell.

As part to pay the debt we owe to you :
If euer teares did pierce a tender minde,
Be pitifull, let me soone fauour finde.

Bag. Be not you so mad sir, to beleue hit teares.

Fri Go to, I see thou art an eniuious man,
Good mistery *Banister* kneele not to me,
I pray rise vp, you shall haue your desire.
Holde officers be gone, theres for your paines,
You know you owe to me a thousand pound,
Here take my hand, if eare God make you able,
And place you in your fornier state : gaine,
Pay me : but if still your fortune frowne,
Vpon my faith Ile never aske you crowne :
I never yet did wrong to men in thrall.
For God doth know what to my selfe may fall.

Ban. This vnexpected fauour vndeserued,
Doth make my hart bleed inwardly with ioy,
Nere may ought prosper with me is my owne,
If I forget this kindnesse you haue showne.

Ms. B.1. My child en in their prayers both night and day,
For your good fortune and successe shall pray.

Fri. I thanke you both, I pray goe dine with me,
Within these three dayes, if God giue me leaue,
I will to *Florence* to my natvie home,
Bagot holde, theres a Portague to drinke,
Although you ill deserued it by your merit,
Giue not such cruell scope vnto your hart,
Beture the ill you do will be requited,
Remember what I say, *Bagot* farewell,
Come Maister *Banister* you shall with me,
My fare is but sumple, but welcome hartily. *Exit all but Bagot.*

Bag. A plague goe with you, would you had eate your last,
Is this the thankes I haue for all my paines,
Confusion light vpon you all for me,
Where he had wont to giue a score of crownes,
Doth he now foyst me with a Portague :
Well I will be reuenged vpon this *Banister*.

The Life and Death

Ile to his creditors, buie all the debt he owes,
As seeming that I do it for good will,
I am sure to haue them at an easie rate,
And when tis done, in christendome he staies not,
But ile make his hart to ake with sorrow,
And if that *Banister* become my debtor,
By heauen and earth ile make his plague the greater. *Exit Bagot.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now gentlemen imagine, that young *Cromwell*,
In *Answarpe* Ledger for the English Marchantes:
And *Banister* to shunne this *Bagots* hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to *Answarpe*, with his wife and children,
Which *Bagot* hearing is gone after them:
And thether sendes his billes of debt before,
To be reuenged on wretched *Banister*,
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A iust requitall of false trecherie. *Exit.*

*Cromwell in his study with bagges of money
before him casting of account.*

Cro. Thus farre my reckoning doth go straight & even,
But *Cromwell* this same ployding fits not thec:
Thy minde is altogether set on trauell,
And not to liue thus cloystered like a Nunne,
It is not this same trash that I regard,
Experience is the iewell of my hart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pracie sir are you readie to dispatch me.

Cro. Yes heres those summes of monie you must carie,
You goe so farre as Frankford do you not.

Post. I doe sir.

Cro. Well prethee make all the hast thou canst,
For there be certaine English gentlemen:
Are bound fo: Venice, and may hapilie want,
And if that you should linger by the way:
But in hope that youle make good speed,

Theres

of the Lord Cromwell.

Theres two Angels to buie you spurres and wandes.

Po. I thanke you sir this will ad winges indeede.

Cro. Goide is of power would make an Eagles speed.

Enter Mistris Banister.

What gentlewoman is this that greeues so much,
It seemes she doth adresaſſe her ſelſe to me.

Mi. Ba. God ſaue you ſir, prae is your name maiftier *Cromwell*.

Cro. My name is *Thomas Cromwell* gentlewoman.

Mi. Ba. Know you not one *Bagoſt* ſir, thbat come to *Antwarpe*.

Cro. No truſt me, I neuer ſaw the man,

But here are billes of debt I haue receiuēd,
Against one *Banifter* a Maſchant fallen into decaie.

Mi. Ba. Into decaie indeede, long of that wretch,
I am the wife to woſfull *Banifter*:

And by that bloudie vilaigne am peſuſde,
From London here to *Antwarpe*,

My husband he is in the gouernours handes:

And God of heauen knowes how heele deale with him,

Now ſir your hart is ſtained of milder temper,

Be merciſfull to a diſtrefſed ſoule,

And God no doubt will trebell bleſſe your gaine.

Cro. Good miſtris *Banifter*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.

Mi. Ba. O ſpeakē to *Bagoſt* that ſame wicked wretch,
An Angells voyce may mooue a damned diuell.

Cro. Why is he come to *Antwarpe* as you here?

Mi. Ba. I hard he landed ſome two houres ſince.

Cro. Well miſtris *Banifter* affuſe your ſelſe.

Ile ſpeakē to *Bagoſt* in your oyvne behalfe:

And winne him to all the pittie that I can,

Meane time, to comfort you in your diſtrefſe,

Receiuē theſſe Angells to releue your neede,

And be affuſed that what I can effect:

To doe you good, no way I will neglect.

Mi. Ba. That mighty God that knowes each mortalles hart,
Keepē you from trouble ſorrow grieſe and ſmart.

Exit Mistris Banifter.

The Life and Death

Crom. Thankes courteous woman,
For thy hartie praier:
It greeues my soule to see her miserie,
But we that liue vnder the worke of fate,
Maie hope the best, yet knowes not to what state
Our starres and destinies haue vs asignede,
Fickle is fortune and her face is blinde.

Enter Bagot solus.

Bag. So all goes well, it is as I would haue it,
Banister he is with the *Gouvernour*:
And shortlie shall haue giuies vpon his heeles,
It glads my hart to thynke vpon the slau,
I hope to haue his boode rot in prison:
And after here, his wife to hang her selfe,
And all his chilidren die for want of foode,
The Jewels that I haue brought to Antwarpe,
Are record to be worth fwe thousand pound,
Which scattelie stooode me in three hundredth pound,
I bought them at an easie kinde of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That sould them me, it comes not neare my hart:
And least they shold be stolne as sure they are;
I thought it meete to sell them here in Antwarpe,
And so haue left them in the Gouvernours hand,
Who offers me within two hundredth pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that,
I must go see and if my billes be safte,
The which I sent to maister *Cromwell*,
That if the winde shold keepe me on the sea,
He might arrest him here before I came:
And in good time, see where he is: God saue you sir.

Cro. And you, pray pardoning, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so sir, but my name is *Bagot*,
The man that sent to you the billes of debt.

Cro. O the man that persues *Banister*,
Here are the billes of debt you sent to me:
As for the man you know best where he is,

It

of the Lord Cromwell.

It is reported you haue a flintie hart,
A minde that will not stoope to anie pittie;
An eye that knowes not how to shad a teate,
A hand that alwaies open for reward,
But maister *Bagot* would you be ruled by me?
You should turne ~~all~~ these to the contrarie,
Your hart should ~~not~~ haue feeling of remorse,
Your minde according to your state be liberall,
To those that stand in neede and in distresse;
Your hand to helpe them that do stand in want,
Rather then with your poyle to holde them downe,
For euerie ill turne show your selfe more kinde,
Thus should I doe, pardon I speake my minde.

Bag. I sir, you speake to here what I would say,
But you must liue I know, as well as I:
I know this place to be extortiōn,
And tis not for a man to keepe him,
But he must lie, cog, with his dearest friend,
And as for pittie, scorne it, hate all coaſcience,
But yet I doe command your wit in this,
To make a show, of what I hope you are not,
But I command you and tis well done,
This is the onelie way to bring your gaine.

Cro. My gaine: I had rather chaine me to an ore,
And like a flauē there toile out all my life,
Before ide liue ſo base a flauē as thou:
I like an hipocrite to make a show,
Of ſeeming vertue and a diuell within,
No *Bagot*, would thy coaſcience were as cleare,
Poore *Bagot* nere had beeene troubled here.

Bag. Nay good maister *Cromwell* be not angrie sir,
I know full well you are no ſuch man;
But if your coaſcience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are other wife.

Cro. Will it be thought that I am other wife,
Let them that thinkē ſo know they are deceiu'de;
Shall *Cromwell* liue to haue his faith miſconſidered,

The Life and Death

Antwarpe for all the wealth within thy Towne,
I will not stay here not two houres longer:
As good lucke serues any accountes are all made euen,
Therefore ile straight vnto the treasurer,
Bagot I know youle to the gouernour,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to traualle,
To see the fruitlefull partes of Italie,
And as you euer bore a Christian minde,
Let *Banister* somic fauour of you finde.

Bag. For your sake sir ile helpe him all I can,
To starue his hart out eare he gets a groate,
So maister *Cromwell* doe I take ny leauue,
For I must straight vnto the gouernour.

Exe Bagot.

Cro. Farewell sir, pray you remember what I said,
No *Cromwell*, no, thy hart was nere so bace:
To liue by falshoode or by brokerie,
But falles out well, I little it repent;
Hereafter, time in trauell shalbe spent.

Enter Hodge his fathers man.

Hod. Your sonne *Thomas*, quoth you, I haue beene *Thomast*,
I had thought it had beene no such matter to a gone by water: for
at Purnaite ile go you to Parish-garden for two pence, sitte as still as
may be, without any wagging or ioultung in my guttes, in a little
boate too: heere wee were scarce foure mile in the great greene
water, but I thinking to goe to my afternoones vnchines, as twas
my manner at home, but I felte a kinde of rising in my guttes: at
last one a the Sailers spying of me, be a good cheere sayes hee, set
downe thy victualles, and vppe with it; thou hast nothing but an
Eele in thy belly: Well toote went I, to my victualles went the
Sailers, and thinking I to bee a man of better experiance then any
in the shippes, asked mee what Woode the shippes was made of:
they all swore I tould them as right as if I had beene acquainted
with the Carpenter that made it, at last wee grawe neere lande,

and

of the Lord Cromwell.

and I grewe vilanous hungrie, went to my bagge, the diuell a
bitte there was, the Sailers had tickled mee, yet I cannot blame
them, it was a parte of kindnesse, for I in kindnesse touldē them
what Woode the shippe was made of, and they in kindnesse eate
vp my victuallles, as indeede one good turne asketh another: Well
would I, could I, finde my maister *Thomas* in this Dutch Towne,
he night put some English Beare into my bellie.

Cro. What *Hodge* my fathers man, by my hand welcome,
How doth my father? whaths the newes at hoime?

Hod. Maister *Thomas*, O God maister *Thomas*, your hand, gloue
and all, this is to give you to vnderstanding that your father is in
health, and *Alice Downing* here hath sent you a Nutmeg, & *Besse*
Make water a race of Ginger, my fellow *Will* & *Tom* hath between
them sent you a dozen of pointes, & good man *Tolle* of the Goate
a paire of mittons, my selfe came in person, and this is all the
newes.

Cro. Gramarie good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me,
But in as ill a time thou comest as may be:
For I am traueling into Italie,
What saist thou *Hodge* wilt thou beare me companie.

Hodge. Will I beare thee companie *Tom*, what tell'st me of
Italie, were it to the furthest part of Flaunders, I would goe with
thee *Tom*, I am thine in all weale and woe, thy owne to com-
maund, what *Tom*, I haue passed the rigorous waues of *Neptune*'s
blasfes, I tell you *Thomas*, I haue bee[n]e in the danger of the
floods, and when I haue seene *Boreas* beginne to plaine the Ruffin
with vs, theni would I downe of my knees and call vpon *Vul-
can*.

Cro. And why vpon him.

Hod. Because as this same fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas,
so *Vulcan* is Lord ouer the Smithies, and therefore I being a Smith,
thought his Godhead would haue some care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit, but tell hast thou dined yet?

Hod. *Thomas*, to speake the truth, not a bit yet I.

Crom. Come go with me, thou shalt haue cheere good store.
And farewell *Antwarpe* if I come no more.

The Life and Death

Hodg. I follow thee sweet Tom, I follow thee. *Exit owners.*

Enter the Gouvernour of the English house, Bagot, Ba-
nister, his wife, and two officers.

Gover. Is Cromwell gone then, say you maister Bagot,
What dislike I pray, what was the caufe ?

Bag. To tell you true, a wilde braine of his owne,
Such youth as they cannot see when they are well :
He is all bent to trauaile, that's his reason,
And doth not loue to eate his bread at home.

Gou. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly shall finde such a one as he,
To fit our turnes, his dealings were so honest :
But now sir, for your Jewels that I haue,
What do you say, will you take my prize.

Bag. O sir, you offer too much vnderfoote.

Gou. Tis but two hundred pound betweene vs man,
What's that in painment of ffe thousand pound.

Bag. Two hundred pound, birladic sir tis great,
Before I got so much, it made me sweat.

Gou. Well Maister Bagot, Ile proffer you fairelie,
You see this Marchant maister Banister,
Is going now to prison at your lute.
His substance all is gone, what would you haue,
Yet in regardē I knew the man of wealth,
Neuer dishonest dealing, but such mishaps,
Hath faine on him, may light on me, or you,
There is two hundred pound betweene vs,
We will deuide the same, Ile giue you one,
On that condition you will set him free :
His state is nothing, that you see your selfe,
And where naught is, the King must lose his right.

Bag. Sit, sit, you speake out of your loue,
Tis foolish loue sir sure to pittie him:
Therefore content your selfe, this is my minde,
To do him good I will not bate a penie,

Ban. This is my comfort though thou doost no good,

of the Lord Cromwell.

A mighty ebbe follows a mighty floud.

M. Ba. O thou base wretch whom we haue fostered,
Euen as a Serpent for to poyson vs,
If God did euer right a womans wrong:
To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heany wrath fall on thy head,
By whome my hopes and ioyes are butchered.

Bag. Alas fond woman, I priae thee priae thy wort,
The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Maister Bowfer a Merchant.

Go. Maister Bowfer your welcome sir from England,
Whats the best newes? how doth all our friendes?

Bow. They are all well and do commend them to you,
Theres letters from your brother and your sonne:
So falre you well sir, I must take my leaue,
My haft and businesse doth require such.

Go. Be fore you dine sir, what go you out of towne?

Bow. I faith vnlesse I here some newes in towne,
I must away there is no remedie.

Go. Maister Bowfer what is your busines, may I know it,
You may sir and so shall all the Cittie,

Bow. The King of late hath had his treasurie rob'd,
And of the choysest iewelles that he had:
The value of them was some seauen thousand pound,
The fellow that did steale these iewels, he is hanged,
And did confess that for three hundred pound,
He shold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in London:
Now *Bagot* fled, and as we here to Antwarpe,
And hether am I come to seeke him out,
And they that first can tell me of his newes,
Shall haue a hundred pound for their reward.

Ba. How iust is God to right the innocent.

Go. Maister Bowfer you come in happie time,
Here is the villaine *Bagot* that you seeke,
And all those iewels haue I in my handes,
Officers looke to him, shold him fast.

Bag. The diuell ought me a shame, and now hath paide it.

C

Bow. Is

The Life and Death

Bow. Is this that *Bagot*? fellowes beare him hence,
We will not now stand for his replie;
Lade him with Yrons, we will haue him tride
In England where his villanies are knowne.

Big. Mischiefe, confusion, light vpon you all,
O hang me, drowne me, let me kill my selfe,
Let go my armes, let me run quick to hell.

Bow. Away, beare him away, stop the flaues mouth,

They carry him away.

Mi. Ba. Thy workes are infinite, great God of heauen.

Gon. I hard this *Bagot* was a wealthie fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were zeased,
Of Jewels, coine, and Plate within his house,
Was found the value of five thousand pound,
His furniture fullie worth halfe so much,
Which being all strainde for, for the King,
He francklie gaue it to the *Antwarpe* merchants,
And they againe, out of their bountious minde,
Hath to a brother of their companie,
A man decaide by fortune of the Seas,
Giuен *Bagots* wealth, to set him vp agaist,
And keepe it for him, his name is *Banister*.

Gon. Maister *Bowes*, with this happie newes,
You haue reuived two from the gates of death,
This is that *Banister*, and this his wife.

Bow. Sir I am glad my fortune is so good,
To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You haue giuen life vnto a man deemed dead,
For by these newes, my life is newlie bred.

Mi. Ba. Thankes to my God, next to my Soueraigne King,
And last to you that these good hopes doth bring.

Gon. The hundred pound I must receiue as due
For finding *Bagot*, I free lie give to you.

Bow. And Maister *Banister*, if so you please,
Ile beare you companie, when you crosse the Seas.

Ban. If it please you sir, my companie is but meane,
Standis with your liking, Ile waite on you.

Gon. I

of the Lord Cromwell.

Gow. I am glad that all things do accorde so well :
Come Maister Bowſer, let vs in to dinner :
And Mifteriffe Banifter, be mery woman,
Comie after sorrow now, lets cheere your ſpirit,
Knaues haue their due, and you but what you merit.

Exit omnes.

7

*Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their ſhaires, and
without Hattes.*

Hod. Call yee this ſeeing of fashions ?
Marrie would I had ſtaide at *Putney* ſtill,
O Maister *Thomas*, we are ſpoiled we are gone.

Crom. Content thee man, this is but fortune.

Hodg. Fortune, a plague of this Fortune makes me go wet ſhod,
the roague's would not leau me a ſhooe to my ſeete, for my hoafe
they ſcorned them with their heeles, but for my Dublet and Hatt,
O Lord they imbraſed me, and vnlafed me, and tooke away my
cloathes, and ſo disgraced me.

Crom. Well *Hodge*, what remedie ?
What ſhift shall we make now ?

Hodge. Naie I know not, for beggiing I am naught, for ſtealing
worſe : by my troth I muſt euen fall to my olde trade, to the Ham-
mer and the Horse heeles againe : but now the worſt is, I am not
acquainted with the humor of the horſes in this countrie, whether
they are not coulтиſh, giuen much to kicking, or no, for when I haue
one legge in my hand, if he ſhould vp and laie tother of my chops,
I were gone, there laie I, there laie *Hodge*.

Crom. *Hodge* I beleue thou muſt worke for vs boþ.

Hodge. O Maister *Thomas*, haue not I tolde you of this, haue
not I manie a time and often ſaid *Tom*, or Maister *Thomas*, learne
to make a Horse-ſhooe, it will be your owne another day : this was
not regarded. Harke you *Thomas*, what doe you call the fellowes
that rob vs.

Crom. The Bandetto.

Hod. The Bandetto doe you call them, I know not what they
are called here, but I am ſure wee call them plaine theeuers in

The Life and Death

England, O *Thom* is that we were now at Putnay, at the ale there.

Cro. Content thee man; here set vp these two billes,
And let vs keepe our standing on the bridge:
The fashion of this countre is such,
If any stranger be oppressed with want,
To write the maner of his miserie,
And such as are disposed to succour him,
Will doe it, what hast thou set them vp?

Hod. I thei' vp, God send some to reade them,
And not onclie to reade them, but also to looke on vs:

And not altogether to looke on vs, One standes at one end,
But to releue vs, O colde, colde colde. and one at t'other.

Enter *Friskiball the Merchant* and
reades the billes.

Fri. Whats here? two Englishmen rob'd by the Bandetto,
One of them seemes to be a gentleman:
Tis pittie that his fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate handes of theeues,
Ile question him of what estate he is,
God sauе you sir, are you an Englishman?

Cro. I am sir a distressed Englishman.

Fri. And what are you my friend.

Hod. Who I sir, by my troth I do not know my self what I am now,
But sir, I was a smith sir, a poore Farrier of Putnay, thats my maister
By yonder, I was robbed for his sake sir.

Fri. I see you haue beene met by the Bandetto,

And therefore neede not aske how you came thus:

But *Friskiball* why doost thou question them,

Oftheir estate and not releue their neede,

Sir the coine I haue about me is not much:

Theres sixteene Duckets, for to cloath your selues,

Theres sixteene more to buie your diet with,

And thers sixteene to pae for your horse hire:

Tis all the wealth you see my purse possesseſſes,

But if you please for to enquire me out,

You shall not want for ought that I can doe,

My name is *Friskiball a Florence Marchant*,

A man

of the Lord Cromwell.

A man that alwayes loued your nation.

Crom. This vniexpected fauour at your hands,
Which God doth know; if euer I shall requite it,
Necessitie makes me to take your bountie,
And for your gold can yeeld you naught but thankes,
Your charitie hath helpt me from dispaire.
Your name shall still be in my hartie ptaier.

Fri. It is not worth such thankes. come to my house,
Your want shall better be releue'd then thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To beare my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earle is much distressed:
An Englishman, *Russell* the Earle of *Bedford*,
Is by the French King, solde vnto his death,
It may fall out, that I may doe him good,
To saue his life, Ile hazard my hart blood:
Therefore kinde sir, thankes for your liberall gift,
I must be gone to aide him ther's no shift.

Fri. Ile be no hinderer to so good an aste,
Heauen prosper you, in that you goe about:
If Fortune bring you this way backe againe,
Pray let me see you: so I take my leaue,
All good a man can wish, I doe bequeath. *Exit Friskball.*

Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your head,
Theres few such men within our clunate bred.
How say you now *Hodge*, is not this good fortune.

Hod. How say you, Ile tell you what maister *Thomas*
If all men be of this Gentlemans minde,
Lets keepe our standinges vpon this Bridge,
We shall get more here with beggling in one day,
Then I shall with making *Horseshoes* in a whole yeare.

Crom. No *Hodge*, we inust begone vnto *Bononia*,
There to releue the noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Where if I faile not in my policie,
I shall deceiue their subtile treacherie.

Hodge. Naye Ile follow you, God blesse vs from the theeuing
Bandettoes againe. *Exit omne.*

Enter.

The Life and Death

Enter Bedforde and his Hoast.

Bed. Am I betraide, was *Bedforde* borne to die,
By such base slaues in such a place as this :
Haue I escaped so many times in *France*,
So many batailes haue I ouer passed,
And made the French stirre when they hard my name ;
And am I now betraide vnto my death,
Some of their harts bloud first shall pay for it.

Hoa. They do desire my Lord to speake with you,

Bed. The traitors doe desire to haue my bloud,
But by my birth, my honour, and my name :
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them deare,
Open the dore, ile venter out vpon them,
And if I must die, then ile die with honour.

Hoa. Alas my Lord that is a desperate course,
They haue begirt you round about the house :
Their meaning is to take you prisoner,
And so to send your bodie vnto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Oceane be as drie as sand,
Before aliue they send me vnto *France* :
Ile haue my bodie first bored like a Siue,
And die as *Hector*, gainst the *Mirmidons*,
Eare *France* shall boast *Bedforde* their prisoner,
Trecherous *France* that gainst the law of armes :
Hath here betraide thy enemie to death,
But be assured my bloud shalbe reuenged,
Vpon the bost liues that remaines in *France*,
Stand backe, or els thou run'st vpon thy death.

Enter a Servant.

Mes. Pardon my Lord, I come to tell your honour,
That they haue hired a *Neopolitan* :
Who by his oratric hath promised them,
Without the shedding of one drop of bloud,
Into their handes safe to deliuer you,
And therefore craves none but him selfe may enter,
And a poore swaine that attenedes on him.

Exit Servant.

Bed. A

of the Lord Cromwell.

Bed. A Neopolitan bid hym come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence:
As Cicero the famous man of Rome,
His wordes would be as chaffe against the winde,
Sweete tong'd Ulysses that made Ajax mad;
Were he and his young in this speakers head,
Aliue he winnes me not, then tis no conquest dead.

*Enter Cromwell like a Neopolitan, and
Hodge with him.*

Cro. Sir are you the maister of the house,
Hod. I am sir.

Cro. By this same token you must leaue this place,
And leaue none but the Earle and I together,
And this my Peasant here to tend on vs.

Hod. With al my hart, God grant, you doe some good.
Exit Hod. Cromwell shuts the dore.

Bed. Now sir, whats your will with me?

Cro. Intends your honour, not to yeld your selfe:

Bed. No good man goose, not while my sword doth last,
Is this your eloquence for to perswade me.

Cro. My Lord my eloquence is for to saue you,
I am not as you iudge a Neopolitan:
But Cromwell your seruant, and an Englishman.

Bed. How Cromwel, not my Fariers sonne.

Cro. The same sir, and am come to succour you.

Hod. Yes faith sir, and I am Hodge, your poore Smith,
Many a time and oft, haue I shooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what auailes it me that thou art here.

Cro. It may auaile if youle be rul'd by me,
My Lord you know the men of Mantua;
And these Bononiens are at deadlie strife,
And they my Lord, both loue and honour you,
Could you but get out of the Mantua port,
Then were you safe dispise of all their force.

Bed. Tut man thou talkest of thinges impossible,
Dost thou not see that we are round beset?
How then is it possible, we should escape.

The Life and Death

Crom. By force we cannot, but by pollicie,
Put on the apparell here that *Hodge* doth weare,
And give him yours : the States they know you not,
For as I thinke they never saw your face,
And at a watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire, that we safe may passe
To *Mantua*, where *Ile* say my busynesse lies,
How doth your Honor like of this devise ?

Bed. O wondrous good : But wilt thou venter *Hodge* ?

Hod. Will I O noble Lord, I do accorde, in any thing I can,
And do agree, to set thee free, do fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then, lets change our apparell straight.

Crom. Goe *Hodge* make hast, least they chance to call.

Hod. I warrant you ile fit him with a suite, *Exu* Earle, & *Hodge*,

Crom. Heauen graunt this pollicie doth take successe,
And that the Earle may safelie scape away.
And yet it greeues me for this simple wretch,
For feare they should offer him violence,
But of two euils, tis best to shun the greatest,
And better is it that he lies in thrall,
Then such a Noble Earle as he should fall.
Their stubborne harts, it may be will relent :
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent,
My Lord haue you dispatched.

Enter Bedford like the Cloune, and *Hodge* in his
cakke and his Hat.

Bed. How doost thou like vs *Cromwell*, is it well ?

Crom. O my Lord excellent, *Hodge* how doost feele thy selfe ?

Hodge. How do I feele my selfe, why as a Noble man should do,
O how I feele honor come creeping on,
My Nobilitie is wonderfull melancholie ;
Is it not most Gentleman like to be melancholie,

Crom. Yes *Hodge*, now goe fiftie gowne in his studie.
And take state vpon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you my Lord, let me alone to take state vpon
me.

of the Lord Cromwell.

Hod. but harke yon my Lord, do you feele nothing bite about you?

Bed. No trust me *Hodge*.

Hod. I they know they want their pasture ; its a strange thing
of this vermine, they dare not meddle with Nobilitie.

Crom. Go take thy place *Hodge*, Ile call them in.

All is done, enter

*Hodge sits in the study, and Crom-
well calles in the States.*

and if you please.

Enter the States and Officers, with Halberts.

Gou. What haue you wone him ? will he yeeerde himselfe ?

Crom. I haue ante please you, and the quiet Earle,
Doth yeele himselfe to be disposed by you.

Gou. Giue him the monie that we promised him,
So let him go, whether it please himselfe.

Crom. My busynesse sir lies vnto *Mantua*,
Please you to giue me safe conduct therethen.

Gou. Goe and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And see him safe deliuered presently. *Exit Cromwell and*
Goe draw the curtaines, let vs see the Earle, *Exit Bedford.*
O he is writing, stand apart awhile.

Hodge. Fellow William, I am not as I haue beeene, I went from
you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord : I am at this present writing,
among the *Polonyan* Casiges. I do command my Lordship to *Raphe*
& to *Roger*, to *Briget* & to *Doritie*, & so to all the youth of *Pusney*.

Gou. Sure these are the names of English Noblemen,
Some of his speciaall friends, to whom he writes:

But stay he doth adresaile himselfe to sing. *Here he sings a song.*
My Lord I am glad you are so frolick and so blithe,
Beleeue me noble Lord if you knew all,
Youde change your merrie vaine to sudden sorrow.

Hod. I change my merrie vaine, no thou *Bononian*, no,
I am a Lord and therefore let me goe,
And doe desie the e and thy *Safigis*,
Therefore stand off, and come not neare my honor.

Gou. My Lord this iesing cannot serue your turne.

Hod. Doost thinke thou blacke *Bononian* beast,
That I doe floute, doe gibe or iesit,
No, no, thou Beare-pot, know that I, a noble Earle, a Lord pardie.

The Life and Death

Gov. What hanes this Trumpets sound?

A Trumpet soundes. Enter a Messenger.

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.

Gov. What would you with vs speake, thou man of *Mantua*?

Mes. Men of Bononia: this my message is,

To let you know the Noble Earle of *Bedford*:

Is safe within the towne of *Mantua*,

And willes you send the pessant that you haue,

Who hath deceiued your expectation,

Or els the States of *Mantua* haue vowed:

They will recall the truce that they haue made,

And not a man shall Rrite, from forth your towne,

That shall retorne vntesse, you send him backe.

Gov. O this misfortune how it mads my hart,

The *Neopolitan* hath beguiled vs all;

Hence with this foole: what shall we do with him,

The Earle being gone a plague vpon it all.

Hod. No ile affire you I am no Earle, but a smith sir,

One Hodge, a smith at Putnay sir:

One that hath gulled you, that hath boured you sir.

Cit. Away with him, take hence the foole you came for.

Hod. I sir: and ile leaue the greater foole with you.

Cit. Farewell Bononian, come friend a long with me.

Hod. My friend aforo, my Lordship will follow thee. Exit.

Gov. Well *Mantua*, since by thee the Earle is lost,

Within few dayes I hope to see thee crost. Exit omnes.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus farre you see how Cromwells fortune passed,

The Earle of *Bedford* being safe in *Mantua*:

Desires Cromwells compatisse into *France*,

To make requitall for his courtesey to *Spain* and *Portugal*,

But Cromwell doth denie the Earle his sute:

And telles him that those partes he meant to see,

He had not yet set footing on the land,

And so directlie takes his way to *Spain*:

The Earle to *France*, and so they both to *par*,

Now let your thoughts be with vs as is the wunde,

Skip

of the Lord Cromwell.

Skip some few yeares, that *Cromwell* spent in trauell,
And now imagine him to be in England:
Seruant vnto the maister of the Roules,
Wherein short time where he beganne to florish,
An houre shall shew you what few yeares did cherish. *Exit.*

The Musick playes, they bring out the banquet. Enter Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell, and two seruantes.

Hales. Come sirs, be carefull of your maisters credit,
And as our bountie now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment: so do you
With lookes as free, as is your maisters soule,
Giue former welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receiue the Cardinals followers.
And the attendants of the Lord Chancellor,
But all my care *Cromwell* depends on thee,
Thou art a man, d ffering from vulgar forme,
And by how much thy spirit is anckt bove these,
In rules of Arte, by so much it shines brighter by transell,
Whose obseruance pleades his merit,
In a most learned, yet vnaffectiong spirit,
Good *Cromwell* cast an eye of faire regarde,
Bout all my house, and what this ruder flesh,
Through ignorance, or wile, do miscreate,
Salue thou with curtesie: if welcome want,
Full bowles, and ample banquets will feeme scant.

Crom. Sir, what soever lies in me,
Assure I will shew my vtmost dutie. *Exit Crom.*

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here,
Cromwell, thou hast chose parts would rather sute,
The seruice of the State, then of my house,
I looke vpon thee with a louing eye,
That one day will prefer thy destinie.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir the Lordes be at hand, and I will say no more.

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight attend vs,
And looke you all things be in perfect readinesse.

The Life and Death

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The Musick playes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, Sir Thomas Moore and Gardiner.

Wol. O sir Christopher you are too libertall, what a banquet to?
Hal. My Lordes if wordes could shew the ample welcome,
That my free hart affordes you; I could then become a prater:
But I now must deale like a feast Politician,
With your Lordshippes, deferre your welcome till the banquet end,
That it may then salue our defect of faire:
Yet Welcome now and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thankes to the kinde maister of the Roules,
Come and sit downe, sit downe sir *Thomas Moore*:
Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ,
Their dinner, is our banquet after dinner,
And they are men of actiue disposition,
This I gather, that by their sparing meate:
Their bodie is more fitter for the warres,
And if that famine chance to pinch their mawes,
Being vsde to fast it breedes lesse paine.

Hal. Fill me some Wine: Ile answere Cardinall *Wolsey*:
My Lord we Spaniardes are of more freer soules,
Then hungerstarued, and ill complexioned spaniardes,
They that are rich in Spaine, spare bellie foode;
To deck their backes with an Italian hoode,
And Silkes of Ciuell: And the poorest Snake,
That feedes on Lemmons, Pilchers, and neare heated
His pallet with sweete flesh, will beare a cafe,
More fat and gallant, then his starued face,
Pride, the Inquisition, and this bellie ciuell,
Are in my judgement, Spaines three headed diuell.

Mo. Indeede it is a plague vnto their nation,
And stager after in blinde imitation.

Hal. My Lords with welcome, I present your Lordships
A sollemne health.

Mo. I loue health well, but when healthes doe bring,
Paine to the head, and bodies surfeiting:
Then cease I healthes: nay spill not friend,

For

of the Lord Cromwell.

For though the drops be small,
Yet have they force to force men to the wall.

Wol. Sir Christopher is that your man.

Hal. And like your grace he is a Scholler, and a Lingeſt,
One that hath trauell'd manie partes of Christendome my Lorde.

Wol. My friend come nearer, haue you beene a trauell'r.

Cro. My Lord I haue added to my knowledge, the loe Countries,
France, Spaine, Germanie, and Italie:

And though ſmall gaine, of profit I did finde,
Yet did it please my eye, content my minde.

Wol. What doe you thinkē of the feuerall ſtates,
And princes Courtes as you haue trauelled.

Cro. My Lord no Court with England may compare,
Neither for ſtate nor ciuill gouernement:

Luſt dwelles in *France*, in *Italie*, and *Spaine*,
From the poore pefant to the Princes traine,
In *Germanie*, and *Holland* riot ſerues,
And he that moſt can drinke, moſt he deſerues:
England I praise not: for I here was borne,
But that ſhe laugheth the others vnto ſcorne.

Wol. My Lord there dwelles within that ſpirite,
More then can be diſcerned by ourwarde eye,
Sir Christopher will you part with your man.

Hal. I haue ſought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I ſee he hath preferred himſelfe.

Wol. What is thy name.

Crom. Cromwell my Lorde.

Wol. Then Cromwell here we make thee Solliciter of our cauſes,
And neareſt next our ſelſe:

Gardiner giue you kinde welcome to the man.

Gardiner imbraeſs him.

Mo. My Lorde you are a royll Winer,
Hath got a man beſides your bountious dinner,
Well Knight, prae we come no more:
If we come often, or ſhut vp thy doore.

Wol. Sir Christopher haddeſt hadſt thou giuen me,
Hafe thy landes: thou couldeſt not haue pleaſed me:

The Life and Death

So much as with this man of thine,
My infant thoughtes do spell:
Shortlie his fortune shall be lifted higher,
True industrie doth kindle honours fier,
And so kinde maister of the Roules farewell.

Hal. Cromwell farewell.

Cro. Cromwell takes his leaue of you,
That neare will leaue to loue and honour you.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now Cromwells highest fortunes doth begin, The *Man-*
Wolsey that loued him as he did his life: *as they go*
Committed all his treasure to his hands, *in.*
WWolsey is dead, and *Gardiner* his man,
Is now created Bishop of *UVinchester*:
Pardon if we omit all *UVolyses* life,
Because our play dependes on *Cromwells* death,
Now sit and see his highest state of all;
His haight of rysing: and his sodaime fall,
Pardon the errors is all readie past,
And liue in hope the best doth come at last:
My hope vpon your fauour doth depend,
And looke to haue your liking ere the end. *Exit.*

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, The Dukes
of Norffolke, and of Suffolke, Sir Thomas
Moore, Sir Christopher Halles,
and Cromwell.*

*Nor. Maister Cromwell since *WWolseyes* death,
His maiestie is giuen to vnderstand:
Theres certaine billes and writings in your hand,
That much concernes the state of England,
My Lord of *UVinchester* is it not so.*

*Gar. My Lord of Norffolke, we two were whilom fellowes,
And maister Cromwell though our maisters doue:
Did*

of the Lord Cromwell.

Did binde vs, while his loue was to the King,
It is no boote now to denie these things,
Which may be prejudicall to the state :
And though that God hath railde my fortune hyer,
Then any way I lookest for, or deseru'de.
Yet my life no longer with me dwell,
Then I prooue true vnto my Soueraigne :
What say you maister Cromwell? haue you those writings, I, or no?

Crom. Here are the writings, and vpon my knees,
I giue them vp, vnto the worthy Dukes,
Of Suffolke, and of Norffolke : he was my Maister,
And each vertuous part,
That liued in him, I tendered with my hart,
But what his head complotted gainst the state.
My countries loue commands me that to hate :
His sudden death I greeue for, not his fall,
Because he sought to worke my countries thrall.

Suff. Cromwell, the King shall here of this thy dutie,
Whom I assure my selfe will well reward thee :
My Lord lets go vnto his Maiesie,
And show these writings which he longs to see.

Ex. Norffolke and Suffolke.

Enter Bedford hasty.

Bed. How now, whose this Cromwell?
By by soule, welcome to England :
Thou once didst saue my life, didst not Cromwell?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glorie for me, that you remember it,
Then of my selfe vainerlie to report it.

Bed. Well Cromwell, now is the time,
I shall commend thee to my Soueraigne :
Cheere vp thy selfe, for I will raise thy state,
A Russell yet was never found ingrate.

Hales. O how vncertaine is the wheele of state,
Who latelie greater then the Cardinall,
For feare, and loue : and now who lower lies?

Gaye

The Life and Death

Gaye honours are but Fortunes flatteries,
And whom this day, pride and promotion swels,
To morrow, enuie and ambition quels.

More. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poore Flie,
May boldlie say the wretches death is nigh.

Gard. I know his state and proud ambition,
Was too too violent to last ouer-long.

Hales. Who soares too neare the sunne with golden winges,
Mealtes them, to ruine his owne fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suf. *Cromwell* kneele downe in king *Henries* name,
Arise sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus beginnes thy fame.

Enter the Duke of Norffolke.

Norf. *Cromwell* the maiestie of England,
For the good liking he conceiuies of thee:
Makes thee maister of the iewell house,
Chiefe Secretarie to himselfe, and with all,
Creates thee one of his highnesse priuie Counsell.

Enter the Earle of Bedforde.

Bed. Where is sir *Thomas Cromwell* is he knighted,
Suf. He is my Lorde.

Bed. Then to adde honour to his name,
The King creates him Lord keeper of his priuie Scale:
And maister of the Roules,
Which you sir *Christopher* do now enjoy;
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords, thele honors are too high for my desert,

More. O content thee man, who would not choose it,
Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it.

Gard. Heres honors, titles, and promotions,
I feare this climing, will haue a sudden fall.

Norf.

of the Lord Cromwell.

Norff. Then come my Lords, lets altogether bring,
This new made Counseller to Englands King.

Exit all but Gardiner.

Gard. But *Gardiner* meanes his glorie shall be dimde :
Shall *Cromwell* liue a greater man then I,
My enuie with his honout now is bred,
I hope to shorten *Cromwell* by the head. *Exit.*

Enter Friskiball very poore.

Fris. O *Friskiball*, what shall become of thee ?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turne,
Fortune that turnes her too vncoustant wheele,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the Sea,
All parts abroade where euer I haue beeene,
Growes wearie of me, and denies me succour,
My debtors they, that should receeue my want,
Forlweares my monie, saies they owe me none :
They know my state too meane, to beare out law,
And here in London, where I oft haue beeene,
And haue done good to manie a wretched man,
Am now most wretched here, despisid my selfe,
In vaine it is, more of their hearts to trie,
Be patient therefore, laye thee downe and die.

He lies downe.

*Enter good man Seely, and his
wife Ioane.*

Seely. Come *Ioane*, come, lets see what heele doe for vs now ?
Iwys we haue done for him, when many a time and often he might
haue gone a hungrie to bed.

Wife. Alas man, now he is made a Lord, heele never looke vpon
vs, heele fullfill the old Proverbe : Set Beggers a horse-backe, and
theile ride : A welliday for my Cowe, such as he, hath made vs come
behinde hand, we had never pawnd our Cowe els to pay our rent.

E Seely.

The Life and Death

Seely. Well *Ioane* heele come this waye : and by Gods dickers
ile tell him roundlie of it , and if hee were tenne Lordes : a
shall knowe that I had not my Cheese and my Bacon for no-
thing.

Wife. Doe you remember husband how hee woulde mouche
vp my Cheese cakes, he hath forgot this now, but weeke remem-
ber him.

Seelic. I we shall haue now three flappes with a Foxe taile :
but I faith ile gibber a ioynte , but ile tell him his owne : staye
who comes heere , O stand vppe heere hee comes , stand
vppe.

*Enter Hodge verie fine with a Tipstafe, Cromwell,
the Mace caried before him : Norffolke, and
Suffolke, and attendants.*

Hod. Come away with these beggars here, rise vp serra,
Come out the good people : runne afore there ho .

Friskiball riseth, and stands a farre off.

Seelic. I wee are kicked awaye now , wee come for our
owne, the time hath beene he woulde a looked more friend-
lye vpon vs : And you *Hodge*, we know you well inough though
you are so fine.

Cro. Come hether serra, stay what men are these,
My honest Host of Hounslow, and his wife:
I owe thee mony father, do I not.

Seelic. I by the bodie of mee dooest thou , woulde thou
wouldest paye me , good fourre pound it is, I haue a the poste at
home.

Cro. I know tis true, serra giue him ten Angels,
And looke your wife , and you do stay to dinner:
And while you liue : I frelie giue to you,
Fourre pound a yare, for the fourre pound I ought you.

Seelic. Art not changed, art ould *Tom* still,
Now God blesse the good Lord *Tom*:

Home.

of the Lord Cromwell.

Home *Ioane* home, ile dine with my Lorde *Tom* to day,
And thou shalt come next weeke,
Fetch my Cow, home *Ioane*, home.
Wife. Now God blesse thee, my goed Lorde *Tom*,
Ile fetch my Cow presentlie.

Exe. Wife.

Ester Gardiner.

Cr. Shre, goe to yon stranger, tell him I desire him
Stay at dinner, I must speake with him;

Gar. My Lorde of *Norffolke*: see you this same bubble,
That same pufse, but marke the end, my Lord marke the end.

Nor. I promise you, I like not somthing he hath done,
But let that passe, the King doth loue him well.

Cr. God morrow to my Lord of *Wichester*,
I know you beare me hard, about the Abbie landes,

Gar. Haue I not reasoun, when religion is wronged,
You had no colour for what you haue done,

Cr. Yes the abolishing of Antichrist,
And of this Popish order from our Realme:
I am no enemy to religion,
But what is done, it is for Englands good,
What did they serue for but to feede a sort:
Oflazie Abboates, and of full fed Fryers,
They neither plow, nor sowe, and yet they reap,
The fat of all the Land, and sucke the poore:
Looke what was theirs, is in King *Henries* handes,
His wealth before lay in the Abbie lands.

Gar. Indeede these things you haue aledged my Lord,
When God doth know the infant yet vnborne:
Will curse the time, the Abbies were puld downe,
I pray now where is hospitality,
Where now may poore distressed people go:
For to releue their neede, or rest their bones,
When weary trauell doth oppresse their limmes,
And where religious men should take them in,

O. T.

E 2

Shall

The Life and Death

Shall now be kept backe with a Mastiue dogge,
And thousand thousand.

Nor. O my Lord no more : thinges past redresse,
Tis bootelesse to complaine.

Cro. What shall we to the Conuocation house.

Nor. Weele follow you my Lord pracie leade the way.

Enter Old Cromwell like a Farmer.

Old.Cro. How, one Cromwell made Lord Keeper since I left Putnay
And dwelt in Yorkeshire, I neuer hard better newes :
Ile see that Cromwell, or it shall goe hard.

Cro. My aged father : Rete set aside,
Father on my knee I craue your blessing :
One of my seruantes go and haue him in,
At better leasure wil we talke with him.

Old.Cro. Now if I die, how happy were the day,
To see this comfort raines forth showers of ioy.

Exit Olde Cromwell.

Nor. This dutie in him shewes a kinde of grace,

Cro. Go on before for time drawes on apace.

Exit all but Friskiball.

Fris. I wonder what this Lord would haue with me,
His man so stricktlie gaue me charge to stay :
I neuer did offend him to my knowledge,
Well, good or bad, I meane to bide it all,
Worke then I am, now neuer can befall.

Enter Banister and his wife.

Ba. Come wife I take it be almost dinner time,
For maister Newton, and maister Crosbie sent to me :
Last night, they would come dine with me,
And take their bond in : I pray thee haue thee home,
And see that all things be in readinesse.

Mrs. Ba. They shalbe welcome, husband ile go before,
But is not that man maister Friskiball :

She runnes and imbrases him.

Ba. O

of the Lord Cromwell.

Ba. O heauens it is kinde maister Friskball,
Say sir, what hap hath brought you to this passe.

Fris. The same that brought you to your misery.

Ba. Why would you not acquaint me with your state,
Is Banister your poore friend quite forgot:
Whose goods, whose loue, whose life and all is yours.

Fris. I thought your v sage would be as the rest,
That had more kindnesse at my handes then you,
Yet looked asconce, wheri as they saw me poore:

Mi.Ba. If Banister should beare so bace a hart,
I neuer would looke my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ba. And well thou mightest, should Banister deale so,
Since that I saw you sir, my state is mended:
And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I haue it ready, for you sir at home,
And though I greeue your fortune is so bad:
Yet that my hap's to helpe you, makes me glad,
And now sir will it please you walke with me.

Fris. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellour,
Hath here commaunded me to waight on him,
For what I know not: pray God tis for my good.

Ba. Neuer make doubt, of that ile warrant you;
He is as kinde a noble gentleman:
As euer did possesse the place he hath.

Mi.Ba. Sir my brother is his steward if you please,
Weale go along, and beare you company:
I know we shall not want for welcom there.

Fris. Withall my hart: but whats beconie of Bagot.

Ba. He is hanged, for buying jewels of the Kinges.

Fris. A iust reward for one so inipious,
The time draweth on, sir will you go along.

Ba. Ie follow you kinde maister Friskball.

Exit Omnes.

The Life and Death

Enter two Merchants.

1. Now maister Crosbie, I see you haue a care,
To keepe your word, in paiment of your monie,

2. By my faith I haue reason vpon a bond,
Three thousand pound is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not Maister Banister.

1. By my faith your summe is more then mine,
And yet I am not much behinde you too,
Considering that to day I paid at court,

2. Massa and well remembred:
Whats the reason the Lord Cromwells men,
Weare such long skirts vpon their coates,
They reach almost downe to their verie ham.

1. I will resolute you sir, and thus it is;
The Bishop of Winchelster, that loues not Cromwell,
As great men are enuied, as well as lesse.
A while agoe there was a iarte betweene them,
And it was brought to my Lord Cromwells eare,
That Bishop Gardiner would sit on his skirt,
Vpon which word, he made his men long Blew coates,
And in the Court wore one of them himselfe:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord
Here's skirt enough now for your Grace to sit on,
Which vexed the Bishop to the very hart,
This is the reason why they weare long coates.

2. Tis alwaies seene, and marke it for a rule,
That one great man will enuie still another:
But tis a thing that nothing concernes me:
What shall we now to Maister Banistors?

1. I come, weeke pay him royally for our dinner, *Exit.*

*Enter the Vcher and the Shewer, the meate goes
over the Stage.*

Vcher. Vncover there Gentlemen.

Enter

of the Lord Cromwell.

*Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolke, Old Cromwell,
Friskiball, goodman Seelie, and
ascendants.*

Crom. My noble Lordes of Suffolke and of Bedford,
Your honors welcome to poore Cromwells house :
Where is my father? nay be couered Father,
Although that duty to these noble men, doth challenge it
Yet Ile make bolde with them
Your head doth beare the calender of care :
What Cromwell couered, and his Father bare,
It must not be. Now sir to you,
Is not your name Friskiball and a Florentine.

Fris. My name was Friskiball, till cruell fate,
Did rob me of my name and of my state.

Crom. What fortune brought you to this countrie now?

Fri. All other parts hath left me succollesse,
Saue onelie this, because of debts I haue,
I hope to gaine for to releue my want.

Crom. Did you not once vpon your Florence bridge,
Help two distressed men, robd by the Bandetro,
His name was Cromwell?

Fri. I neuer made my braine a calender of any good I did,
I alwaies lou'd this nation with my heart.

Crom. I am that Cromwell that you there releued,
Sixteene Duckets you gave me for to cloath me,
Sixteene to beare my charges by the way,
And sixteene more I had for my horse hier,
There be those seuerall summes iustlie returnd,
Yet with iniustice, settynge at my need,
And to repay them without interest,
Therefore receiue of me these fourc seuerall bags,
In each of them there is foure hundred marke,
And bring me the names of all your debitores,
And if they will not see you paide, I will:

O God

The Life and Death

O God forbid, that I should see him fall,
That helpt me in my greatest need of all :
Here stands my Father that first gaue me life,
Alas what dutie is too much for him :
This man in time of need did sauе my life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him.
By this old man I often times was fed,
Els might I haue gone supperlesse to bed.
Such kindnesse haue I had of these three men,
That Cromwell no way can repaire againe :
Now in to dinner, for we stay too long,
And to good stomacks is no greater wrong.

Exit enemies.

Enter Gardiner in his studie, and his man.

Gard. Sirra, where be those men I causd to stay ?

Ser. They do attend your pleasure sir within.

Gard. Bid them come hether, and stay you without,

For by those men, the Foxe of this same land,
That makes a Goose of better then himselfe,
Weele worrie him ynto his latest home,
Or *Gardiner* will faile in his intent.

As for the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norffolke*,
Whom I haue sent for to come speake with me,
Howsocuer outwardlie they shadow it.

Yet in their hearts I know they loue him not :

As for the Earle of *Bedford* he is but one,
And dares not gaine-say what we do set downe :

Enter the two witnesses.

Now my friends, you know I sau'd your liues,
When by the law you had deserued death,
And then you promised me vpon your othes,
To venture both your liues to do me good.

Both wit. We swore no more, then that we will performe.

Gard. I take your words, and that which you must do,

of the Lord Cromwell.

Is seruice for you God, and for your King,
To roote a rebell from this flourishing land,
One thats an enemie vnto the Church :
And therefore must you take your solemne oathes,
That you heard *Cromwell* the Lord Chauncellor,
Did with a dagger at King *Henries* hart :
Feare not to sweare it, for I hard him speake it,
Therefore weele shield you from insuing harmes.
2. *Wit.* If you will warrant vs the deed is good,
Weele vndertake it.

Gar. Kneele downe, and I wil here absolue you both,
This Crucifix I lay vpon your head,
And sprinckle holy-water on your brwes,
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase grace from heauen.

1. Now sir weele vndertake it by our soules,
2. For *Cromwell* neuer loued none of our sort,

Gar. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will preferre you to some place of worth :
Now get you in, vntill I call for you,
For presentlie the Dukes meanes to be here. *Exit Wit.*
Cromwell sit fast, thy time's not long to raigne,
The Abbies that were puld downe by thy meanes,
Is now a meane for me to pull thee downe :
Thy pride vpon thy owne head lights vpon,
For thou art he hath changd religion :
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolke, Norffolke, and the Earle of Bedford.

Suff. Goodden to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what are you all alone?

Gar. No not alone my Lords, my mind is troubled :
I know your honours muse wherfore I sent,

And in such haft : What came you from the King?

Norff. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.

F

Gard.

The Life and Death

Gard. O what a dangerous tyme is this we liue in,
Theres *Thomas Wolsey*, hees alreadie gone,
And *Thomas Moore*, he followed after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remaine,
That is satre worse then either of those twaine,
And if with speed my Lords we not pursue it,
I feare the King and all the land will rue it.

Bed. Another *Thomas*, pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedfora*, it is that traitor *Cromwell*.

Bed. Is *Cromwell* false, my hart will never thinke it.

Suff. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
Or prooфе haue you of this his treacherie.

Gar. My Lord too much, call in the men within, *Enter*
These men my Lord vpon their othes affirme, *witnesses*.
That they did here *Lord Cromwell* in his garden,
Wished a dagger sticking at the hart,
Of our King *Henry*, what is this but treason?

Bed. If it be so, my hart doth bleed with sorrow.

Suff. How say you friends, what did you here these words?

1. Wit. We did and like your grace.

2. Wit. In what place was *Lord Cromwell* when he spake them?

2. Wit. In his Garden, where we did attēnd a fete,
Which we had waited for two yeaſe and more.

Suff. How long ist since you heard him speake these words?

2. Wit. Some halfe yeaſe since.

Bed. How chance that you conceald it all this tyme?

1. Wit. His greatnesse made vs feare, that was the cause,

Gard. I, I, his greatnesse thatas the cause indeed,
And to make his treason here more manifest,

He calles his seruants to him round about,

Telles them of *Wolseyes* life, and of his fall,

Saies that himſelfe hath manie enemies,

And giues to ſome of them a Paire or Manor,

To others Leaſes, Lands to other ſome :

What need he doe thus in his prime of life,

And if he were not ſcarfull of his death.

Suff.

of the Lord Cromwell.

Suff. My Lord these likelihoo~~ds~~ are very great.

Bed. Pardon me Lords, for I must needs depart,
Their proofes are great, but greater is my heart.

Exit Bedford.

Norff. My friends take heed of that which you haue said,
Your soules must answert what your tonges reports:
Therefore take heed, be warie what you doe.

2.Wi. My Lord we speake no more but truth.

Norff. Let them depart my Lord of Winchester,
Let these men be close kept,
Vntill the day of triall.

Gard. They shall my Lord: hoe take in these two men,

Exit witnessess.

My Lords, if Cromwell haue a publike triall,
That which we do, is voide by his deniall:
You know the king will credit none but him.

Nor. Tis true, he rules the King euen as he pleases.

Suff. How shall we do for to attache him then,

Gard. Marie my Lords thus, by an Acte he made himselfe,
With an intent to intrap some of our liues,
And this it is: If any Councillor
Be conuicted of high treason,
He shall be executed without a publike triall,
This Act my Lords he causd the King to make.

Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall vpon himselfe.

Nor. Let vs not flack it, tis for Englands good,
We must be warie, els heele go beyond vs.

Gard. Well hath your Grace said my Lord of Norffolke
Therefore let vs presently to Lambeth,
Thether comes Cromwell from the Court to night,
Let vs arrest him, send him to the Tower,
And in the morning, cut off the traitors head.

Norff. Come then about it, let vs guard the towne,
This is the day that Cromwell must go downe.

Gard. Along my Lords, well Cromwell is halfe dead,

The Life and Death
He shaked my hart, but I will shauē his head. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My soule is like a water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it so,
O *Cromwell* I do feare thy end is neare:
Yet Ile preuent their malice if I can,
And in good timie, see where the man doth come,
Wholittle knowes how neates his day of dome.

Enter Cromwell with his traine, *Bedford* makes as though
he would speake to him: he goes on.

Cro. Your well encountered my good Lord of *Bedford*,
I see your honour is address'd to talke,
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to the king,
And do not know the busynesse yet my selfe,
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

Exit all the traine.

Bed. You must, well what remedie,
I feare too soone you must be gone indeed,
The king hath busynesse, but little doest thou know,
Whose busie for thy life: thou thinkes not so.

Enter Cromwell and the traine agayne.

Crom. The second time wel met my Lord of *Bedford*,
I am very sory that my hart is such,
Lord *Marques Dorset* beeing sick to death,
I must receave of him the priuie seale
At Lambeth, soone my Lord weele talke our fill,

Exit the traine.

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to death.

Enter a seruant.

Mes. My Lord, the Duke of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolke*.

Accom-

of the Lord Cromwell.

Accompanied with the Bishop of Winchester,
Intreats you to come presently to Lambeth,
On earnest matters that concernes the state.

Bed. To Lambeth, so: goe fetch me pen and inke,
I and Lord Cromwell there shall talke enough,
I and our last I feare and if he come, *(He writes a letter.)*
Hearc take this letter, and bearc it to Lord Cromwell,
Bid him read it, say it concernes him neare,
Away begone, make all the hast you can,
To Lambeth do I goe a woefull man. *Exit.*

Enter Cromwell and his traine.

Crom. Is the Barge readie I will straight to Lambeth,
And if this one dayes busynesse once were past,
Ide take my easie to morrow after trouble,
How now my friend woldst thou speake with me.

The Messenger brings him the letter, he puttis it in his pocket.

Mes. Sir heares a letter from my Lord of Bedford.

Crom. O good my friend commend me to thy Lord,
Hould take those Angels, drinke them for thy paynes.

Mes. He doth desire your grace to reade it,
Because he sayes it doth concerne you neate.

Crom. Bid him assure himselfe of that, farewell,
To morrow tell him shall he heare from me,
Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Whichester, Suffolke, Norfolke, Bedford, Sargiant
at armes, the Harauld, and halberts.*

Gar. Halberts stand close vnto the water side,
Sargiant at armes be bould in your office,
Harrauld deliuer your proclamation.

H4. This is to give notice to all the kings subiects

The Life and Death

The late Lord *Cromwell* Lord Chancellor of England,
Vicer generall ouer the realme,
Him to hould and esteeme as a traytor,
Agaynst the Crowne and dignitie of England,
So God saue the king.

Gar. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and boote thee from the land,
For whilst thou liuest truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make ~~at~~ane there, the traitors at hand,
Keepe backe *Cromwells* men,
Drowne them if they come on, Sargiant your office.

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halberdes.

Cro. What meanes my Lord of *Norfalke* by these wordes,
Sirs come along.

Gar. Kill them if they come on.

Sar. Lord *Cromwell* in king *Henries* name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

Crom. Sargiant me of treason.

Cromwells men offer to drawe.

Suf. Kill them if they draw a sworde.

Crom. Hould I charge you, as you loue me draw not a sworde,
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of treason now.

Gar. This is no place to reckon vp your crime,
Your Doue-like lookes were viewed with serpents eyes,

Crom. With serpents eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But *Gardiner* do thy woorst, I feare thee not,
My fayth compaired with thine as much shall passe,
As doth the Diamond excell the glasse :

Attached of treason, no accusers by,
Indeede what tongue dares speake so foule a lie.

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well knowne,
And it is time the king had note theréof.

Crom. The king, let me gōe to him face to face,
No better triall I desire then that,

Let

of the Lord Cromwell.

*Let him but say that Cromwells fayth was fayned,
Then let my honour, and my name be stayned:
If euer my hart agaynst my king was set,
O let my soule in judgement aunswere it,
Then if my faythes confirmed with his reason,
Gaynst whom hath Cromwell then committed treason,*

*Suf. My Lord your matter shall be tried,
Meane time, with patience content your selfe.*

*Cro. Perforce I must with patience be content,
O deare friend Bedford doest thou stand so neare,
Cromwell rejoyceth one friend sheds a teare,
And whether ist, which way must Cromwell now?*

*Gar. My Lord you must vnto the tower,
Lieutenant take him to your charge.*

*Cro. Well where you please, yet before I part,
Let me conferre a little with my men.*

Gar. As you goe by water so you shall.

Cro. I haue some busynesse present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay Lieutenant take your charge.

*Cro. Well, well my Lord, you second Gardiners text,
Norfolk farewell, thy turne wilbe the next.*

Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.

Gar. His guiltie conscience makes him rauue my Lord.

Nor. I let him talke his time is short enough.

*Gar. My Lord of Bedford, come you weepe for him,
That would not shed halfe a teare for you.*

Bed. It grieues me to see his sudden fall.

*Gar. Such successe wish I to traitours still. *Exeunt.**

Enter two Citizens.

*1. Why? can this newes be true ist possible,
The great Lord Cromwell arrested vpon treason,
I hardly will beleue it can be so,*

*2. It is too true sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent halfe the wealth I had,*

The Life and Death

I was at *Lambeth*, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1. What wast for treason that he was committed?

2. Kinde noble Gentleman, I may r̄ue the time,
All that I haue, I did injoy by him,
And if he die, then all my state is gone.

1. It may be doubted that he shall not die,
Because the King did fauour him so much.

2. O sir, you are deceiued in thinking so,
The grace and fauour he had with the king,
Hath causde him haue so manie enemies :
He that in court secure will keepe himselfe,
Must not be great, for then he is enuied at.
The shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth loue aboue compare,
Of others they as much more enuied are.

1. Tis pittie that this noble man should fall,
He did so many charitable deeds.

2. Tis true, and yet you see in each estate,
Theres none so good but some one doth him hate.
And they before would smile him in the face,
Will be the formost to do him disgrace :
What will you go along vnto the Court ?

1. I care not if I do, and here the newes.
How men will iudge what shall become of him.

2. Some will speake hardly, some will speake in pitie,
Go you to the Court, Ile vnto the Cittie,
There I am sure to here more newes then you.

1. Why then soone will we meet againe.

Exit.

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now *Cromwell*, hast thou time to meditate,
And thinke vpon thy state, and of the time,
Thy honours came vnsought, I and vnlooked for,
Thy fall as sudden, and vnlooked for to,

What

of the Lord Cromwell.

What glorie was in England that I had not,
Who in this land commanded more then *Cromwell*,
Except the King who greater then my selfe,
But now I see, what after ages shall,
The greater man, more sudden is their fall.
And now I do remember the Earle of *Bedford*
Was very desirous for to speake to me,
And afterward sent to me a letter,
The which I thinke I haue still in my pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now haue leasure,
And this I take it is. *He reads the Letter.*

*My Lord come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your state is ouertrowne.
And much I doubt your life, and if you come:
Then if you loue your selfe, stay where you are.*

O God had I but read this letter,
Then had I beene free from the Lions paw,
Deferring this, to read vntill to morrow,
I spurnd at ioy, and did imbrace my sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and officers.

Now maister Lieutenant, when's this day of death.

Lieu. Alas my Lord would I might neuer see it,
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norffolke*,
Winchester, *Bedford*, and sir *Richard Ratcliffe*,
With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my state and life insnard,
Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong,
For here stands he, whom some thinkes liues too long,
Learning killes learning, and instead of Inck
To dip his Pen, *Cromwells* heart blood doth drinke.

G

Enter

The Life and Death.

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good morrow *Cromwell*, what alone so sad.

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad,

For my part, it best fits me be alone,

Sadnesle with me, not I with any one,

What is the king acquainted with my cause?

Nor. We haue, and he hath answered vs my Lord.

Cro. How, shall I come to speake with him my selfe?

Gard. The King is so aduertised of your guilt,

He will by no meanes admit you to his presence.

Cro. No way admit me, am I so soone forgot,

Did he but yesterday imbrace my neck,

And said that *Cromwell* was euen halfe himselfe,

And is his Princely eares so much bewitched

With scandalous ignomie, and slanderous speeches,

That now he dooth denie to looke on me,

Well my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you,

Are much in fauour with his Majestie,

Will you beare a letter from me to his gracie?

Gard. Pardon me, ile beare no traitors letters.

Crom. Ha, will you do this kindnesse then?

Tell him by word of mouth, what I shall say to you.

Gard. That will I, Ie beare no traitors letters.

Crom. But on your honour will you know him,

Gard. I on my honor,

Crom. Beare witnesse Lords,

Tell him when he hath knowne you,

And tried your faith but halfe so much as mine,

Heele finde you to be the fassest harted man

In England: Pray tell him this is to haue you

Bed. Be patient good my Lord in these extremes.

Crom. My kunde and honorable Lord of *Bedford*,

I know your honor alwaies loued me well,

But pardon me, this still shall be my theame,

Gardiner

of the Lord. Cromwell.

Gardiner is the cause makes *Cromwell* so extreame,
Sir *Ralph Sadler*, pray a word with you,
You were my man, and all that you possesse
Came by my meanes, to requite all this,
Will you take this letter here of me,
And giue it with your owne hands to the king.

Sad. I kisse your hand, and neuer will I rest,
Eare to the king this be deliuered. *Exit Sadler.*

Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one friend in store.

Gard. But all the hast he makes shall be but vaine;
Heres a discharge for your prisoner,
To see him executed presentlie :
My Lord, you here the tenor of your life.

Crom. I doe imbrace it, welcome my last date,
And of this glistering world I take last leaue,
And noble Lords, I take my leaue of you,
As willinglie I goe to meeete with death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his breath,
From treason is my hart as white as Snowe,
My death onlie procured by my foe :
I pray commend me to my Soueraigne king,
And tell him in what sort his *Cromwell* died,
To loose his head before his cause were tried :
But let his Grace, when he shall here my name,
Say onely this, *Gardiner* procured the same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lien. Here is your sonne come to take his leaue.

Crom. To take his leaue,
Come hether *Harry Cromwell*,
Marke boye the last words that I speake to thee,
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawne vpon her,
Gape not for state, yet loose no sparke of honor,
Ambition, like the plague see thou eschew it,
I die for treason boy, and neuer knew it,
Yet let thy faith as spotlesse be as mine,
And *Cromwells* vertues in thy face shall shine.

The Life and Death

Coin goe along and sould me my breath,
And Ile leaue thee vpon theague of death.

Son. O father I shall die to fee that wound,
Your blood being spilt will make my hart to sound.

Cro. How boy, not looke vpon the Axe,
How shall I do then to haue my head stroke off,
Come on my childe and see the end of all,
And after say that *Gardiner* was my fall.

Gar. My Lord yoi speake it of an eniuious hart,
I haue done no more then lawe and equitie.

Bed. O good my Lord of *Winchester* forbeare,
It would a better seemed you to beene absent,
Then with your wordes disturbe a dying man.

Cro. Who me my Lord, no he disturbes not me,
My minde he stirres not, through his mightie shooke,
Hath brought mo peeres heads downe to the blocke,
Farewell my boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hartie blessing, so I take my leaue.

Hang. I am your deaths man, pray my Lord forgiue me.

Crom. Euen with my soule, why man thou art my Doctor,
And brings me precious Phisicke for my soule,
My Lord of *Bedford* I desire of you,
Before my death a corporall imbrace.

Bedford comes to him, Cromwell imbraces him.

Farewell great Lord, my loue I do command,
My hart to you, my soule to heauen I send,
This is my ioy that eare my bodie fleete,
Your honourd armes is my true winding sheete,
Farewell deare *Bedford*, my peace is made in heauen,
Thus falles great *Cromwell* a poore ell in length,
To rise to ynmeasured height, winged with new strength,
The land of Wormes, whiche dying men discouer,
My soule is shrinde with heauens celestiall cover.

Exit Cromwell and the officers, and others.

Bed. Well farewell *Cromwell* the trewest friend,
That

of the Lord Cromwell.

That euer *Bedford* shall ~~possesse~~
Well Lordes I feare when this
Youle wish in vayne that *Cromwell* had the

Enter one with Cromwels head.

Offi. Heare is the head of the deceased *Cromwell*.

Bed. Pray thee goe hence, and beare his heade away,
Vnto his bodie, inter them both in clay.

Enter sir Raulphe Sadler.

Sad. Ho now my Lordes, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwells* body now doth want a heade,

Sad. O God a little speede had sauied his life,

Here is a kinde repreiue come from the king,
To bring him straight vnto his maestie.

Suf. I, I sir *Raulph*, repreiues comes now too late.

Gar. My conscience now telles me this deede was ill
Would Christ that *Cromwell* were aline againe.

Nor. Come let vs to the king whom well I know,
Will grieue for *Cromwell*, that his death was so.



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